

# ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS BIDE DUBLY

Law Fields is incorrigible sometimes. While his brother-in-law, Bob Harris, and six other men were imprisoned in the elevator at the Broadway Theatre Building for three hours the other afternoon, Mr. Fields stood in the hall and joked them. The elevator was stuck about eight feet from the ground floor. Those standing in the hall could see the feet of the men in the lift. The imprisoned men were not in danger, but they were mighty warm and uncomfortable.

Mr. Fields arrived on the scene soon after the car stuck and at once "donned his kidding clothes."

"Hey, Bob," he called, "hear the latest war news?"

"No," growled Mr. Harris.

"The Germans have sent for a lot of American cowboys."

"What for?" demanded Mr. Harris.

"To capture Moscow."

A chorus of growls came from the lift prison. Mr. Fields laughed and continued:

"Hear about Jap Schooley?"

"No," grumbled Mr. Harris.

"Jap's a great baseball fan. Dreamed the other night the umpire was robbing the home team. Hat up in bed and shouted, 'Kill the umpire!'"

Then he jumped out of bed in his sleep and bumped against the washstand. Knocked the pitcher off and smashed it all to pieces."

"Whadda I care?" grunted Mr. Harris.

"Nothing, only the crash woke Jap up. His wife was sitting up in bed, laughing. 'Did you kill the umpire, Jap?' she asked. What do you think Jap answered?"

Curiously got the better of Mr. Harris and he asked: "What?"

"Well, he hadn't killed the umpire but had smashed the pitcher."

Another chorus of angry howls came from the sweating men in the elevator. Finally, a man who understood the situation arrived on the scene and released the prisoners. The last to leave the car was an old man with a flowing white beard. As he hobbled out, Mr. Fields slapped Mr. Harris on the back.

"That man was a little boy when he entered the elevator, wasn't he, Bob?" he asked.

"Oh, go to Kansas City!" snapped Mr. Harris.

**ANITA STEWART'S "BOMB."**

There was considerable excitement at the Flatbush studio of the Vitaphone Company yesterday when the actress, engaged in a new picture, was presented with a package addressed to Anita Stewart.

Somehow or other Miss Stewart, who is terribly brave in the films, got the idea that it was a bomb and she refused to open it. Marie Williams, Paul Boardman, Edward Egan and Ralph Ince declined to have anything to do with the package. As they all stood looking at it a "prop" boy picked it up.

"Huh!" he said. "Nobody ain't got to send no bomb to Miss Stewart. She ain't no Roachin' Co."

He took the package to a vacant lot and opened it—the package, not the lot. Miss Stewart is now the happy possessor of a big bottle of very expensive perfume.

**LOVE IN THE COW COUNTRY.**

Jeffrey Hodge, an actor just in from the West, picked up a queer letter while traversing the main street in Branson, Mo., two weeks ago. It read: "Dear Jeff: I see you in church Sunday and I luffed at you, but you never luffed back. Why not send like to me. I'll luff you and if you luff me down for Highpockets I'll luff you and bet he luff you. So you better luff at me when I luff at you. You can't make no luff out of me. J. M."

**FOOLISHMENT.**

Miss G. Scott, formerly of "Robin Hood" and "The Maid of the Mist" at Lake.

Miss G. Scott has been engaged by A. H. Woods for "Cousin Laura," the hit play. Robert.

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THE EVENING WORLD'S NEW ILLUSTRATED MOVIE STORIES, FEATURING REAL MOVIE STARS

## Gertrude McCoy

EDISON STAR, Featured This Week in  
"THE BLACK PEARLS"

CONCLUSION  
Vindication

Next Week  
**EDITH STOREY**  
Vittagraph Favorite, in  
"DAN MCGUIRE'S DAUGHTER"

YOUR SCREEN FAVORITES PRESENTED EACH WEEK IN "MOVIE STORIES" WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING WORLD

In This Story GERTRUDE MCCOY Appears as JEAN KENT

Scenario by GERTRUDE MCCOY—Illustrated by FERD G. LONG



After following the professional "fence" several blocks Jean sees he is joined by "Kid" Blinks. Stealthily they turn up a side street. Undecided what course to take, the plucky girl hesitates. She is about to give up the futile chase when she sees a police officer approach.

Quickly relating the incident of Johnson and Blinks meeting, and explaining her suspicion of their complicity in the black pearl necklace mystery, Jean and the officer tip-toe up the side street in pursuit of the gentleman-crook and his accomplice.

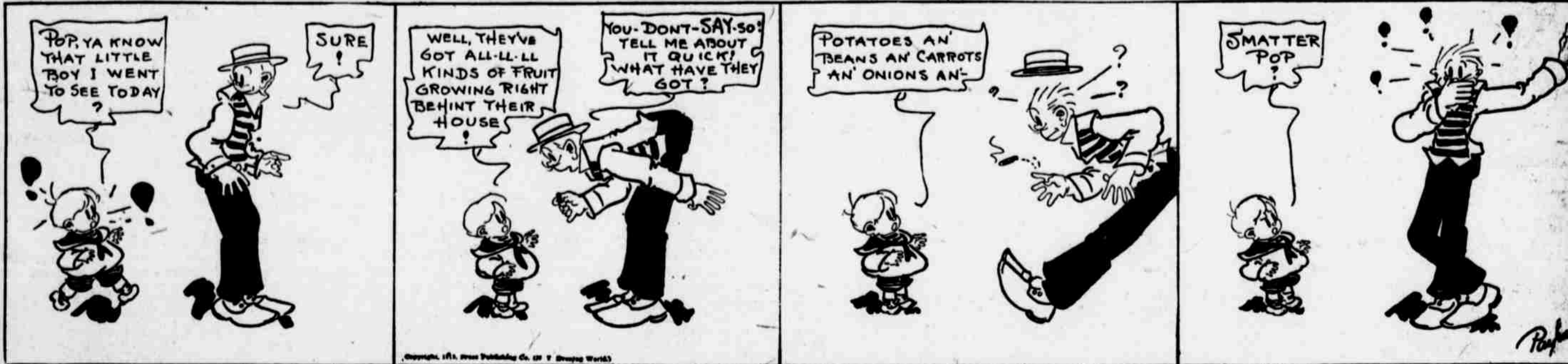
"Kid" Blinks tells Johnson the "cops" are after him and he must fly the town. He wants money, Johnson gives him some bills, and the policeman and Jean overhear their whispers. When "Kid" Blinks asks, "How about the black pearls, boss?" the officer whips out his revolver and nabs them.

Kent, Frank and Bob, awaiting the arrest of the suspect in the necklace case, are nonplussed when Jean enters with the policeman and the handcuffed Johnson and Blinks. Search is made, and Bob makes a scoop for his paper, for in the waistcoat pocket of Sid Johnson is found the beautiful string of black pearls.

With the necklace returned and complications cleared, old Kent evinces his restored faith in Frank by re-establishing his engagement with Jean. Wisely remarking on the advantage of making a junior partner and a son-in-law of the same person, Kent leaves them to their dream of the future.—The end.

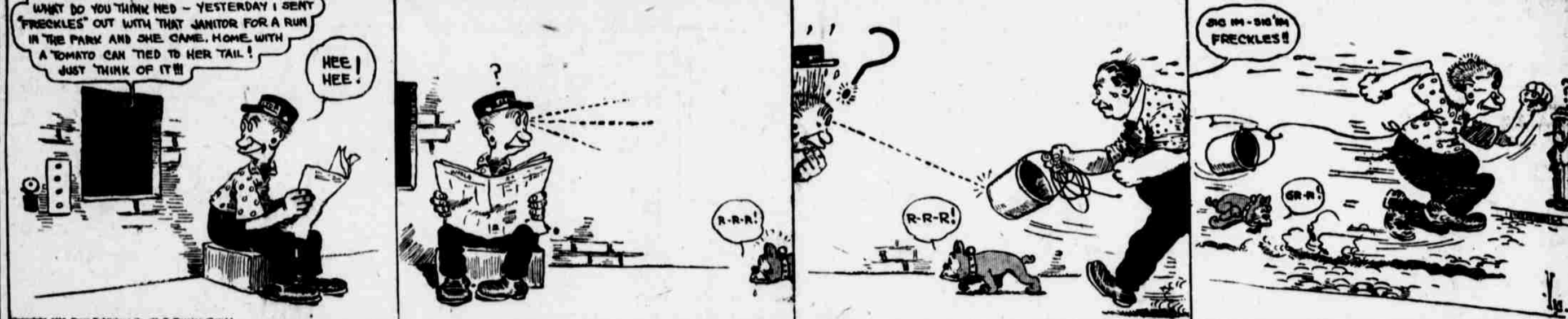
### "S'MATTER, POP?"

By C. M. Payne



### FLOOEY AND AXEL—If "Ned" Hadn't Canned Axel To-Day, Some One Else Would—So Monday He'll Be a "Life Guard!"

By Vic



### BETTY'S BROTHER BOBBIE—We've All Heard Chaps Who Talk With the Muffer Cut-Out Wide Open!

By Thornton Fisher



Lewis, Gilbert Clayton and Harry Tighe.

**EDMUND BREESE ENGAGED.**

Edmund Brees has been engaged by Clara and Eriander and George C. Tyler for a part in "Moloch," the new Beulah M. Dix play, which they will present in New York early in September.

Mr. Brees will be on the stage in an arrangement whereby a young woman who has never been on the stage will be the principal figure in the series. Grace Green, who lives in Harlem, will be sent on a wonderful trip which will cover nearly all of America. She will be paid a substantial salary and her expenses will be provided for by the Pathe interests.

Miss Green will be accompanied by a chaperon and a camera operator. She will view the wonders of this country in a perfectly natural way and the photographer will follow her around grinding his camera.

How would you like to be Grace Green?

Or even Grace Green's chaperon?

**FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.**

Tramp—Are you the dentist?

Dentist—I am.

Tramp—I'd like to get you to fill my teeth with a ham sandwich.

**JOKE OR WITTICISM!**

Panagiotis Roussopoulos and Panagiotis Roussopoulos.

got Athanasopoulos were married in Washington yesterday. They took each other for Alphabet or worse, as it were.

**A LUCKY GIRL.**

The Pathe moving picture concern is soon to begin issuing a new travel series called "See America First."

A unique feature of the plan is an arrangement whereby a young woman who has never been on the stage will be the principal figure in the series.

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**FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.**

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Dentist—I am.

Tramp—I'd like to get you to fill my teeth with a ham sandwich.

Minister. I tackled him after dinner in a hotel lounge as he sipped his coffee and puffed on a huge cigar.

He stared at me when I proffered my request, then he blew a cloud of smoke and said:

"I never gave an interview in my life, and I never intend to."

"This seemed decisive enough. I felt myself getting red, and I stammered, as I prepared to go:

"Well, then, Lord Kitchener, will you at least give me your autograph? It would be worth having."

"He blew another cloud of smoke. Then he answered:

"You'd better go off and make your own autograph worth having."

—Washington Star.

**The Rage for Souvenirs.**

THERE was a crowd of French villagers around the driving seat of the motor truck. "Will you get out of this, yer little imp!" came in familiar cockney tones from under the shadow of the hood. "I tell yer, yer can't have it—not for a souvenir, nor nothing."

"Ah, thank 'evings, there's some one in this country that can speak English, any?" went on the voice as I interrupted it, and then the face of

a London omnibus driver peered out from under the tilt to welcome me.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"Matter!" was the plaintive answer. "Why, a girl's taken the A. S. C. badge off me shoulder strap, and now that little French boy there wants to unroll me putties. 'Souvenir'—that's what they keep on saying."—London Daily Mail.

**Fooled 'Em That Time.**

A SMALL boy seated on the curb by a telegraph pole, with a tin can by his side, attracted the attention of an old gentleman who happened to be passing. "Going fishing?" he inquired, good naturedly, edly.

"Nope," the youngster replied; "take a peek in there."

An investigation showed the can to be partly filled with caterpillars of the unsavory moth.

"What in the world are you doing with them?"

"They crawl up trees and eat off the leaves."

"So I understand."

"Well, I'm fooling a few of them." "How?"

"Sending 'em up this telephone pole."—Judge.

**TWO NEW PICTURE SERIES**

BEGIN MONDAY IN THE EVENING WORLD

**Kitty Keys—**

A NEW "STENOGRAPHER" COMIC BY

**Thornton Fisher**

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**Tumble Tom—**

HIS ADVENTURES IN DREAMLAND,

DRAWN FOR "KIDDIES" BY

**Eleanor Schorer**

WATCH FOR THEM!